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Paish, editor of the *Statist*, has recently estimated that the fixed investments of foreign capital in the United States reach a total of \$6,000,000,000, of which Great Britain has furnished \$3,500,000,000, Germany \$1,000,000,000, and France \$500,000,000. On the other hand, the fixed investments of American capital in England, Germany, and France are relatively small. Another important consideration is that American tourists spend annually in Europe, particularly in the three countries mentioned, enormous sums of money, often estimated as high as \$200,000,000.

The great mutual interdependence between the United States and the powers above mentioned is revealed by a study of the statistics of the commercial movement. England requires our cattle, wheat, flour, and other breadstuffs, meat products, raw cotton, copper, refined oil, and unmanufactured tobacco. We need British chemicals, colonial india rubber and diamonds, tin, raw wool, certain classes of cutlery and machinery, and certain grades of cotton and woolen textiles to supplement our own production.

Germany is vitally dependent upon our raw cotton and copper, and to a large extent on our breadstuffs, lard, refined oil, and unmanufactured tobacco. On the other hand, we are absolutely dependent on Germany for potash as a fertilizer required in our agriculture to restore to the soil the properties that have been taken from it. We require her colonial rubber, and we find Germany an excellent source from which to supplement our requirements in cotton knit goods, laces, and toys.

France leans heavily on the United States for raw cotton, copper, refined oil, and to some extent for agricultural implements. Reciprocally, we are dependent upon France for many articles of high luxury, such as art works, laces and embroideries, silks, and champagne.

An endless procession of vessels is employed to carry this vast commerce to and fro across the Atlantic Ocean, and hundreds of thousands of producers in each country are dependent for their livelihood and the support of their families upon the uninterrupted continuance of this flourishing commerce.

The prosperity of the United Kingdom, Germany, and France is our prosperity. Anything that cripples their purchasing power must inevitably react adversely on our selling power and industrial welfare. Similarly, whatever cripples their productive agencies must react unfavorably on the interests of the American consumers. Industrial depression, financial disturbance, and popular distress with any one of them is sure to be reflected, sooner or later, in this country, and *vice versa*, as was demonstrated abundantly three or four years ago when the financial crisis in the United States had its reflex action in Europe. These simple economic truths, predicated on the solidarities of commerce, show how desirable it is that the spirit of mutual conciliation should prevail in international relations.

### Robert Burns

AFTER A BRITISH VICTORY.

Ye hypocrites, are these your pranks?  
To murder men and give God thanks?  
For shame, give over, proceed no further,  
God won't accept your thanks for murder!

## The Emotional Evils of War.

By George H. Danton.

AN ADDRESS GIVEN AT THE SIXTH ANNUAL DINNER OF  
THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION  
OF INDIANA ON APRIL 1.

A great deal has been said\* recently about the emotional value of war; many people who feel that war is bad from every other point of view, from the kinetic, the humane, from the economic, have felt that the emotional stimulus derived therefrom compensates for these other evils. The German philosopher Kant, says in his *Critique of Judgment*: "Even war, when carried on with order and regard for civil rights, has something sublime in it and makes so much more sublime the quality of the thinking of the nation which conducts it, the more dangers such a nation has been subjected to and has bravely withstood. A long peace, on the other hand, fosters only the commercial spirit, and with this, low selfishness, and so lowers the quality of the people's thinking." This bit of Kantian philosophy has permeated the works of a good many writers, and even recently, in the pamphlets of the Society for International Conciliation, Professor James, certainly a most high authority, pointed out this emotional, this educative value of war. To be sure, Professor James sought for a substitute, but that he felt the necessity of such a substitute is the significant feature.

It is the purpose of this very brief paper to take a different stand—to point out that war, instead of being of value as a stimulus, is of decided harm; that, instead of raising the emotional quality of a nation, it lowers its tone, and that the nation which really goes through a war comes out of it emotionally worse than it went in.

In the first place, let us look at a few externals. War is a phase of human activity which deals very largely with figures. For the great mass of the people in any country a war is a matter of report; only the soldiers who fight go through the war itself; the rest read about it, sympathize, and, perhaps, grieve—that is, war affects them through what is read about it. There is no commonplace truer than that which says that figures lie. The general notion is that they lie by excess, but in reality, considered emotionally, they lie by being too conservative. Since I wrote this out the first time, the same point has been made by a recent writer in the *New York Nation*, who points out how delimiting all figures are. To the thinking man, especially to the feeling man, they are not a spur, but a fetter. Take the countless stars of the sky. In moments of inspiration we are lifted to them, and the clearness, the sparkle, the wonder of them never cease. But when, in moments of weakness, we wonder how many there really are, and a cold-blooded astronomer tells us that all that can be seen with the naked eye are about 2,500; when he tells us this with the assurance born of experience and calculation, he breaks down all our joy in the limitless and sets a finite goal to our imagination.

Apply this same theory to so prosaic a thing as the cost of war. Select one item, and say that a battleship costs so and so many millions of dollars, and we stop at and are stopt by that figure. The poetry of it is gone; the very horror of it is gone; the magnitude really

\*The author, not the editor, is responsible for the simplified spelling.

ceases to exist, for large numbers as well as small check our soaring. Figures eliminate the background of misery. This background of equivalents which is the incommensurable background, gives way to a dull set of finites, of abstracts. Mathematics, the most abstract of the sciences, is inexpressible in poetry, the most concrete of the literary forms of expression, and is unthinkable interpreted thru music, the most intangible of the arts. There is no lyric note, no impassioned cry in mere cost; there never will be a spiritual revolt against the money side of war.

We must take these dollars and translate them into efficiency, into roads, schools, hospitals, buildings, bridges, and libraries, to avoid the delimitations of mere abstractions. The concrete we can understand; the *figures* for men killed are as nothing. As in the description by Homer of the shield of Achilles, these men must be made to live before us, whether deliberating, quarreling, or loving. The dollars wasted must show us the joy of human pleasure and uplift that is lost.

Never will war be abolished by mere economics, just as the saloon will never be abolished by economics. Economics must be emotionally evaluated, emotionally transfigured, and a higher sense of the infinite must lift man to a plane of feeling unknown to him before. For in economics, too, there are always two sides, and the material gainers by war will transfigure their gain to come, emotionally, as often as the loser can do the same for their loss. But whether we feel hedonistically or ascetically, war as an emotional agent is ripe for condemnation. Its figures appeal without inciting, and its reaction dedens.

Let us look into this last statement a little more closely. We have been dealing with one phase, with an external phase, of the war situation, with the preparation for battle, with the results of battle. We have seen the countless multitudes go down before the bullet or the sword as the men at arms, those nameless warriors of the old epics, of the romances of chivalry, of the Mahabharata, of the tales of the bloody battles where Saul and David each slew their hosts unnamed. But that did not arouse our fancy; it left us cold.

Take, now, war itself, as a real thing for those who go thru it either as participants or as mourners, for those who fall in its horrors. How the poets have hated this same war! Shakspeare, whose impassioned rhetoric goes into it in his famous description in Henry V, and Schiller, who, in spite of an occasional Kantian relapse, fills his whole greatest play, his drama Wallenstein, with a sobbing sigh for peace, stand out as random examples. Even in our own day the voice is raised against it. I saw recently a wonderful poem by Richard Le Gallienne which put all the misery of war before us and stripped the panoply of tinsel away. I wish I could quote it.

One can understand the poets' hatred of war on other than ethical grounds. Whichever way we look at it, the explanation is clear. Is it a limiting factor? Then away with it! Is it a source of inspiration? Then still worse! The poet rebels against the source of his inspiration because it is a sorrow and not a joy. It is that which robs him of his civic existence, which takes from him his balance, his poise, and disharmonizes his soul. Whether love, wine, or war, there is the same frenzy when the superman compels him to do his bidding, the same pursuing soul striving for a body, and

often the poet finds himself face to face, not with a Galatea, but with a Homunculus.

And the resultant torpor is no less terrible. War jades the poet's imagination and leaves him flaccid.

It is thru a similar instinct that the speculative man, like the poet, hates war. Not only because it arouses him from his calm, because its undeniable rataplan intoxicates him, but because he realizes its vulgarizing and enervating effects on the national consciousness. Those brazen-throated ones who love the display, the noise, the color, the access of intoxication, the red badge of courage, even where these things do not carry the meditator away, at least make him chary of the reaction. This display is esthetically vulgar. War is a parvenu; it is insistent; it is always in emotional bad taste; it has the glare and the furor of a cancan, of a mardi gras.

For the man, then, who wishes to lead an esthetic life, who wishes to round out his existence gradually and to eliminate the over-emotional, as Goethe, for example, war means a relapse into more primitive conditions. And when the meditative man applies the psychology of himself to the psychology of his nation, he cannot (and keep his patriotism intact) feel that war is good for those about him regarded as a unit with one psychological impulse. War is impossible—I mean that in the sense that the word is used in society—as an emotional stimulus, as an emotional *stimulant*.

What emotional sum results from this impulse? After war's excitement is over, there comes the same collapse in nations as in individuals. The collapse is the same as after the false excitement of alcohol. In nations this reaction is as likely to be ethical as it is in individuals. The nation and the individual, under the stimulus of alcohol or war, commit crimes which in their sober moments they would not dream of; their state in the *katzenjammer* is equally low; the power of resistance to temptation is gone. I need only to point out in this connection that a main feature in the evils of our own reconstruction period was the lowered emotional state of the nation. In Germany, after the Franco-Prussian war, there was the era of the *Cultur-Kampf*; in Germany, after the wars of the liberation against Napoleon, to go a little farther back, followed the Metternich régime. Indeed, in very modern times, Japan is going thru a period of negation, of social and moral backwatering, after her war with Russia. The ideal patriot is not misled by grim cruisers and darting destroyers, by bands, shakos, and flags, into underestimating the reaction. Under the general doubt, the uncertainty of our present situation as regards Mexico, there lurks the fear of the emotional crises that we will have to go thru. First the jingoism of the yellow journals, then the false stimulus of battle and conquest and then the long pull to recover our emotional equilibrium. The concrete example of this, though usually laid to other grounds, is the pension misery. I need say no more on that subject, however.

Let us look forward to the well regulated state: here the over-emotional will find no place. For reasons not at all conceived by Plato in his Republic, the poets will find regulation thru themselves. Anything that tends unduly to excite will be eliminated. That does not mean, of course, that art and poetry will go the way of military music, though it would not surprise me to find that the practice of the emotional arts would be much limited

in the mechanical civilization of the future, limited indeed until the millions of years have gone by when the earth will begin to lose her warmth and the sun will grow cold, and when the approaching dissolution will wrest from man a tribute of emotional terror, of self pity, of stoic resignation, or of wild revolt.

Poetry, however, is born in man, and art is an irresistible desire to create. In the midst of this mechanical civilization of the future, in the midst of the intellectualism, of the balance, there will be constantly recurring romantic revivals. In the wars, the lusts, the carousals of the *past*, the new future will find satisfaction for its emotional needs, and perhaps only love will never be robbed of its pain. Even nature, as the world fills up, will have to succumb or be relegated to gardens and parks as a curiosity of the past.

How can war as an emotional force exist in a socialized civilization? It will be an anomaly, but long before it can come to be an anomaly, its esthetic valuelessness will be recognized, its emotional harm will be chastized, and it will be abolished. Instead of being a vulgar leader of men to brute prowess, or instead of stopping, on its external sides, the real imaginative flutes of mankind, its value will only be the sentimental one of the creed outworn, its implements will have the same romantic interest as have the ducking-stool, the pillory, and the "Nuremberg Maiden." War, thus emasculated, will do no emotional harm, and then for the first time in history can it be regarded without the horror of reality. The world of the future will mechanically, and with new forces, take care of the realities, and will have its *spare time* for the intangibilities alone. As a speculative possibility of the past, war, like heaven, will then be of superior charm. As an active reality, it is even now an anachronism in the emotional life of the generation.

Now if war is bad because its emphasis on facts and figures hems our imagination and because its emotional reactions, instead of permanently stimulating, result in a spiritual ebb, it is plain that those nations which are the least curbed in imagination and are emotionally the most idealistic, will react both in war and against war with the greatest vigor. But the Romanic nations cannot be clast among these nations. This is not paradoxical; the Romanic nations are susceptible to emotional stimuli, but these stimuli are not cumulative in effect. One must grant this when one sees that the national type is Don Juan and not Faust, and even though Don Quixote was an idealist, it must be remembered that he entered upon his quests under an emotional, one may even say a sexual, stimulus. And it must be clearly borne in mind that the Don Juan type is essentially a reasoning type. The constant physiological stimulus is made imperative by the steady undercurrent of the mind. That is why the French and the Italians have produced less fine lyric poetry than the Germans and English; that is why, for centuries, the French had the intellectual dominion of the world in their hands, and why to this day their clear, finely-shaded language is the *lingua franca* of diplomacy. This, too, accounts for such phenomena as Napoleon.

Hedlong unreasoning belongs to the Slavonic type; the great Bohemian king, Ottokar, contrasts across the ages with the Italian Napoleon. But the Slavonic, the Celtic, and the Mongolian races at this time have not the highly developed national instinct, nor yet the racial

solidarity consciously aiming at union, which is necessary to conduct a campaign of disarmament toward which the present argument is leading. The problem is left to the Germanic nations of the earth. If these peoples fail, it may be that in the overthrow of their civilization, the dawn of a new ideal of culture will come, and perhaps the religious moments of the East, the contemplative trends of old, old Oriental civilizations, may do what newer races in their transitory but stimulating careers, have failed to accomplish. It is hard, indeed, not to be Hegelian enough to feel that here narrower patriotism must give way to the sense of the ultimate betterment of the world.

There is something extremely dangerous in the Faust type to which, more or less, all Germanic nations of the earth conform. The subtype, the Hamlet type, has already been predicated for Germany by one of the nation's most gifted patriotic poets, and in a poem of glowing bitter sarcasm and with the wit of disappointed hope. The reason that the type is dangerous is that it tends to consume itself. The great German vice is envy, and German *Gelehrtenneid* has long since become proverbial. The German, then, is also limited through the channel of his introspection, and where he is not Hamlet, he tends to become Werther. It is therefore unfortunate, for the hope of international peace, that Germany occupies so important a place in the present scheme of things. The selfish imagination of the German will prove a stumbling-block to progress. The German does not feel the full reaction. It is here where his so-called flegma comes in. The German physical type does not react nearly so violently as does another type against the general stimuli. His reaction is from within. He never fits the constitutional battles of the world, though he may invent all of its hedake powders, and make its best microscopes.

Can the remaining German nations be grouped together? In language they are one, and in the consciousness of a historical past they should be one, but the American stands out as the less curbed of the two, indeed, as the more idealistic. No figures have any avail with him. For his most wealthy men words fail; millions are overcome and billions are of no meaning. It is the power, the credit, that avails. Which of the trusts is the most to be feared? The credit trust! Here one is not dealing with the stale abstractions of figures, but with representative, live concretions. Indeed, the rich man may be very rich in power and credit, and may lack over and over again the actual hard cash. The remarkable thing about the American's money, as an English observer has already pointed out, is the real idealism that there is in the making of it; the empire-building quality. Contrast this with the wealth hoarded in Holland and in France, which are notoriously wealthy and saving.

For the American the same larger traits may be noted in other fields. He throws away the present, lays up no treasure of it for the future. His religious feeling, when it takes the form of missionary work, actively opens new countries but does not develop the advantages gained by following up the confidence of the heathen races by means of a bulwark of consular outposts and commercial activities. Is it foolhardy? The American, commercially, religiously, and politically, is the most untrammelled of the races of the earth. His very existence, his constant faith in democracy in the face of its present failure, in the face

of the sneers of Europe, is a proof of it all, and the legend on his coins, "In God we trust," symbolizes it anthropomorphically. Is he to carry on the peace movement?

It is not a constitutional question, or else England would have to solve it, as the battle of woman suffrage is being fought out there now; it is not a speculative question, or it would be left for the German. It does not require the form sense of the Italian or the intellect of France. It is a question for romantic love, and the nation which opens its arms to the oppressed of all the earth has to cast itself into the battle. I have a vision of a death struggle to gain it; I am reminded of a passage of scripture which says, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." But I feel that the nation that accomplishes the peace of the world will be that nation which has lived the best emotional life.

BUTLER COLLEGE, Indianapolis, Ind.

## The Hope of Peace.

By Stanley H. Howe, Albion College, Albion, Mich.

(This oration won first place in the Intercollegiate Peace Oratorical Contest held in McCoy Hall, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, on Friday evening, May 5, at the time of the Third National Peace Congress. We publish it both on account of its own merits and as an illustration of the new spirit that is rapidly taking possession of the college young men of the country.—ED.)

The history of civilization is a record of changing ideals; and ideals are best reared in the hearts of the world's young men. Inevitably nations look toward the cradle for their future and intrust the care of their destiny to the hands of youth. "Tell me what are the prevailing sentiments that occupy the minds of your young men," declared Edmund Burke, "and I will tell you what is to be the character of the next generation." When the blood of youth is sluggish and impure, when the young hold wealth more dear than worth, remove the check of virtue from their selfish aims, establish Mammon as their god, and, ambitious to govern the world, forget how to govern themselves, then nations choke and die. But when the blood of youth is rich and pure, pulsating through the veins of the universe with strong, resistless surge, when fathers teach anew the angel's message of good-will and peace, and sons build high their goal upon a pedestal of service and of truth, then nations breathe and live. What hope, then, asks the world, finds the doctrine of peace in the ideals and aspirations of America's youth today?

The nation faces a charge of militarism. It is the indictment of her critics that never before in American history has the government entertained an attitude so hostile toward her neighbors and so dangerous to the interests of peace. They point to the attempt to fortify the Panama canal and cry out that America would drain her treasury to build a monument of reproach to international integrity. They criticize the vast appropriations for the navy and declare that America is starving her poor that she may more pompously parade the seas. They protest against the "war game" on the Rio Grande and even charge that in the interests of a Wall Street king America invites the world to arms. And these are not illusions. The lure of gold has turned the nation from her mission. The spirit of commercialism has eclipsed the sentiment of brotherhood and tempted the

republic to barter her honor for the price of imperial supremacy. Wherein, then, again asks the world, finds America hope for the future? And to the charges of her critics, with their dismal prophecy of "wrong forever on the throne," this is the nation's answer and defence—that an eclipse is never permanent, that the world stays not in the valley of the shadow forever, and that the solution of the problem, the fulfillment of a national mission, and the hope of world peace, finds their common assurance in the changing ideals of America's aspiring young men.

The young American is essentially ambitious. He is wont to seek the shortest path to leadership, and when blocked at one highway, to turn with undiminished ardor to another. And his ideal is a mirror of the age in which he lives. In Revolutionary days he covets the glory of a minute-man, and in the deeds of Warren and Putnam he finds the consummation of his hopes. Again in the hour of civil war his eyes turn toward the battlefield—and from her boys under twenty-one the Union draws eighty-five per cent of her defenders. But fortunately for America this drama of the youth's ideal has one more act. The lure of life and drum has become a thing of the past. The glamour of military life has become a dream of yesterday. The young man is learning that the prize of battle is never equal to the price. And with the growing conviction of the folly and futility of international strife must disappear the last apology for war. Nations will cease to struggle, not when they have learned that war is a tragedy, but when they have discovered that it is a farce.

And the youth of today is learning it. In the same deplorable conditions which the nation's critics have regarded as an alarming tendency toward militarism, he reads a message of the absurdity of war. Militarism itself is revealing a mission. Based as it is on the spirit of aggrandizement, it is teaching to youth the economic value of a human life. It is uncovering its own selfish motives and betraying its own senseless ends. It is impressing the world with the truth that battles are fought for purse-string and not for principle. It is teaching to youth a new ideal; it is itself the answer to complaints of friends and calumnies of foes. It is the cloud before the dawn. It heralds the coming of the brightest epoch yet chronicled in world history. It is the realization of that glorious prophecy of John Hay that the time is coming when "the clangor of arms will cease from the rising of the sun to its going down, and we can fancy that at last our ears, no longer stunned by the din of armies, may hear the morning stars singing together and all the sons of God shouting for joy."

And is this but the dream of a visionary? Is it merely the fancied perception of an inexistent star? Is it nothing more than a groundless hope and an alluring vagary? The answer is visible everywhere. And the hope of peace finds its safest assurance among the institutions of learning in America. James Bryce has referred to the United States as the nation having the largest proportion of its young men in college. In the last month of June more than fifty thousand collegians wore the cap and gown of graduation. It is to the trust of the college-bred man that the commonwealth confides her future, and modern education assumes no greater responsibility than the training of the new world-citizen. Already the school has become the most potent factor